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THE
ADVOCATE OF PEACE,
AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

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THE SEA FIGHT.

BY REV. E. DAVIS.

NOTE. The naval battle between the United States, Com. Decatur, and the Macedonian, Capt. Cardon, was fought on a beautiful Sabbath morning in Oct 1812. The battle was obstinate and bloody, but resulted, according to the sanctified language of war, in "a splendid victory" on the side of the United States.

The clear blue heavens were bent above,
The light waves danced below,
Where a war-ship sternly, proudly flung
Defiance at her foe.

That foe as proudly, sternly hurled
The murderous challenge back,
And swept, like lightning, to the charge,
Upon her gleaming track.

And shameless, on each vessel's deck,
A priest kneels down to pray
That God will wing their bolts with death,
And speed them on their way.

See! see! war's vivid lightnings flash,
His deep, hoarse thunders roll,
While curses loud are vollied forth,
And hate knows no control,

And mortal cries of agony—
The stifled, dying prayer,
And bitter tears, and groans, and blood,
Are all commingled there.

'Tis done. The storm of iron hail
Sweeps their broad decks no more;
Cleaved, throbbing human hearts have ceased,
Their fountains warm to pour.

Those mighty ships, that, giant-like,
The mountain waves could leap,
Like thunder-riven sepulchres,
Lie helpless on the deep.

And this is glory ! Far and wide,
 Fame's echoing trump is heard ;
 And lo ! with fevered, frenzied joy,
 A nation's pulse is stirred :

And e'en the very church of Christ
 Takes up the hateful cry,
 And shouts her praise for victory,
 Up to the peaceful sky.

Nor she alone ;—through all their deeps,
 The fiery hosts of hell
 Howl peans to the GOD OF WAR,
 Whose work they love so well.

NOAH WORCESTER.

BY WALTER CHANNING, M. D.

The readers of the *Advocate* cannot but be grateful to its Editor, for the beautiful print of this early and late friend of Peace, which stands at the head of the last number, and those who are not subscribers would at once become so, could they but look upon that beautiful face. The spirit of Peace, the dove from heaven, has found its home there, and you see that it will never be scared away. What so firm, what so immovable as this principle of Peace ! It is the victory over self, over the brutal, over the satanic. It is the conqueror over the world of the human heart. It says to it, and to him who has it, " be of good cheer, you have overcome the world." But not only is the reign of Peace, when perfect, an established monarchy ; it is full of gentleness in its mighty rule. It is the wisdom from above. It is the placable, the loving Jesus ! It is the divine manifested in the human. It is the spiritual illumining the corporeal. It is noble because it is just. It gives true nobility, true grandeur to the countenance, as it invests the soul with genuine nobility. See it as it lives, faintly, indeed, but truly, in that transcript of the face of our friend. You see that such a man was just, as well as merciful. You see that his great reason, his infinite conscience, gave in subjection to him the poor, the infirm, the uncertain, and replaced them all by that silent, loving energy, which has place in the agencies, the unerring agencies of the universe of God ! Who would not give in his willing, his cheerful adhesion to a principle which can transform a man into an angel of light ? Which in its rapturous power can fill the soul with love, and recognise in man the child of a heavenly Father, the disciple of his Son, the heir of an heavenly inheritance !